

Memories of a Sin

by The Unnamed Sin

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Summary: Thirteen years ago, Father sent a spy to find out more about the magical world. One year later, all contact ceased without warning. Worried, he sends Pride to investigate...

1. Chapter 1

****Memories of a Sin****

By: The Unnamed Sin

****Summary:** Thirteen years ago, Father sent a spy to find out more about the magical world. One year later, all contact ceased without warning. Worried, he sends Pride to investigate...******

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Harry Potter was distinctly unamused. He had to deal with his Aunt Marge, yet another Dursley who would scream at him for no apparent reason, for a whole week. Oh joy. Not only that, but he had to pretend that he went to St. Brutus's Secure Center for Incurably Criminal Boys so that the Dursleys could hold on to their precious little facade of normalcy.

At least he would get his permission form signed, so that he would be able to visit Hogsmeade. Seriously though, what was with wizards and calling things by weird names?

It seemed like immediately after he hid all traces of 'freakishness' from his room, Aunt Petunia was shrieking up the stairs for Harry to

come and greet their guest.

"Do something about your hair!" she snapped as he reached the hall.

Harry glared at her discreetly. His hair was fine the way it was, thank you very much! Although he had noticed that it was longer and had a bit of a greenish tinge to it... He shook himself from his musings in favor of preparing himself for his eminent doom.

All too soon, there was the distinct sound of gravel crunching as Uncle Vernon's car pulled into the driveway, then the clunk of the car doors and footsteps on the garden path.

"Hurry! Get the door!" Aunt Petunia hissed at Harry.

Really wishing that he was somewhere else, Harry pulled the door open.

On the doorstep stood Aunt Marge. She was very like Uncle Vernon: large, beefy, and purple faced, she even had a mustache, though not as bushy as his. In one hand she held an enormous suitcase, and tucked under the other was an old and evil-tempered bulldog.

Harry groaned mentally. This was going to be a long week...

This is a timeskip. Books are awesome.

At last, at long last, the final evening of Aunt Marge's stay arrived. Aunt Petunia had prepared a fancy dinner, and Uncle Vernon had uncorked several bottles of wine.

When they were having the lemon meringue pie, Uncle Vernon brought out a large bottle of brandy.

"Can I tempt you Marge?"

Aunt Marge had already had quite a lot of wine. Her huge face was very red.

"Just a small one then," she chuckled. "A bit more than that... and a bit more... that's the ticket."

Harry really wanted to disappear into his bedroom, but he met Uncle Vernon's angry little eyes and knew he would have to sit it out if he wanted to go to Hogsmeade.

When Aunt Marge started to complain about him he did his best to ignore it. But then she crossed the line.

When she insulted his mother, the lights began flickering as he desperately tried to calm down.

When she called insulted both of his parents, calling them drunkards who got killed in a car crash, he snapped.

"They didn't die in a car crash!" said Harry, who found himself on his feet.

His eyes widened a bit when suddenly images and sounds of screams, gunfire, explosions, soldiers marching through the streets, dead bodies, tears, blood pooling in the gutters, and, above all, a maniacal cackling.

The surreal experience was over as soon as it came, and none of the Dursleys had noticed, least of all Aunt Marge, who was screaming about him being a burden on his 'decent' and 'hardworking' relatives.

Before she could continue her rant, however, she suddenly stopped speaking. Her tremendously ugly face began to expand, her beady little eyes bulged, and her mouth stretched too tightly for speech. Within moments, several buttons had burst from her tweed jacket and pinged off the walls, leaving dents in the floral wallpaper. She was inflating like a giant balloon, her stomach bursting free of her tweed waistband, and each of her fingers were blowing up like sausages.

Harry watched this happen in shock, thinking _'oh sh*t, I've been expelled, haven't I?'. However, there was some small part of him that was feeling vindictive pleasure from watching everyone running around in terror. They were really like headless chickens weren't they?

Realizing what had just happened, Harry tore from the dining room before anyone could stop him. Heading towards the cupboard under the stairs, he burst the door open with a blast of magic. In mere seconds, he heaved his trunk to the front door.

â€¢Sprinting up the stairs, he launched himself under his bed, wrenching open the loose floorboard and grabbing his pillowcase full of books and birthday presents. He also grabbed Hedwig's cage before zooming back down the stairs to shove his stuff into his trunk.â€¢

Just as Uncle Vernon burst through the dining room door, Harry pulled out his wand, gave him a _look_ that would have reduced braver souls to a trembling mess, and left.

He slammed the door in his face for good measure.

A/N: I should be working on TBWL. My muse has other plans. Soo, yeah. By the way, everything will be explained. Just trust me on this one... *diabolical grin*. My birthday is tomorrow! Yay! Also, this is officially the longest chapter that I have written to date! It is nearly 1000 words, including the A/Ns and other such things. Also, I apologize if Harry is OOC, I am trying to make him a bit darker, stronger, and more independent. Out of curiosity, what do *_you_*** think is going on?*

2. Chapter 2

Last chapter: Just as Uncle Vernon burst through the dining room door, Harry pulled out his wand, gave him a look that would have reduced braver souls to a trembling mess, and left.

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Chapter Two:

If anyone had bothered to look, they would have seen a raging Harry storm out of number four, privet drive, lugging a very large trunk that had an empty birdcage attached to it.

But no one bothered to look.

Harry made it several streets before collapsing on a low wall in Magnolia Crescent, panting from having to drag his extremely heavy trunk all that way.

After he had calmed down some, he started freaking out.

What happened back there? thought Harry, recalling the strange almost flashback that he'd had right before he had accidentally blown up his aunt. The thing that freaked him out the most about the experience, despite the horrifying nature of the flashback itself, was the fact that _it had never happened to him._

The memory was clearly of a battlefield, and it was most certainly in the desert. There were no deserts in Britain. He would have loved to have said that it was something he had seen once on the Telly, but it had seemed as though he had actually _been_ there, not as though it was just something that he had only _seen._

The worst part of all, however, was that the maniacal laugh that he had heard, seemed to have come from _him._

Harry was interrupted from his horrified musings by the strange feeling that he was being watched. He jumped up nervously, immensely grateful that his wand was in his hand instead of in his trunk. He glanced around warily, looking around for any sign of a threat.

The strange shadows cast by the streetlights were _so_ not helping his nerves. Harry's breath caught in his throat as he had the sudden recollection of a small boy, no older than eight or nine at the most, with cold purple eyes and a cruel, arrogant smirk, as he commanded shadows with red eyes and _far_ too many teeth to gruesomely rip apart his enemies.

Harry started at the sudden memory that didn't belong to him forcing its way into his head, making him trip and fall in the process. He threw his arm out to try and catch himself, catching a glimpse of something large crouching in the bushes, before there was a tremendous BANG and a violently purple bus was suddenly parked right in front of him.

For a split second, Harry wondered if he had gone mad. It would explain quite a bit. Then a conductor in a uniform as purple as the bus he was riding jumped out and began to talk loudly into the night.

“Welcome to the Knight Bus, emergency transport for the stranded witch or wizard. Just stick out your wand hand, step on board, and we can take you wherever you want to go. My name is Stan Shunpike and I will be your conductor this evening.” he said, in a boredly professional tone.

Harry, who had jumped up when Stan had started speaking, was staring at the bus in awe. While unexpected, this was a very pleasant turn of events. Finally, things were going his way! With a sickening jolt, he remembered that little detail about him being expelled for using magic outside of school, and for breaking the statute of secrecy.

Wondering where he should go, he decided upon the least harebrained scheme he could think of (going to London, getting the money out of his vault, then starting life as a runaway) and asked the conductor to take him to the Leaky Cauldron.

Eleven Sickles later, he was sitting on a surprisingly comfortable bed in the Knight Bus, as Stan sat down next to the driver, telling him to "Take 'er away Ern,"

There was another deafening BANG, and suddenly Harry found himself flat against the bed, thrown backwards by the sheer speed of the bus. In a few moments they had stopped, suddenly enough to jerk everything forwards somewhat painfully. After dropping a fairly green witch off somewhere in Abergavenny, they were off again. Silently Harry swore that he would never ride on this bus again if at all possible. At least they hadn't asked for his name.

“So woss your name?” asked Stan.

As he was saying...

"James. James Smith." said Harry, privately applauding himself about pulling a name out of nowhere like that.

Stan just grunted and pulled out a copy of the Daily Prophet, reading it rather disinterestedly.

Harry was fervently grateful that he had decided to get a subscription to the Prophet that summer. If he had asked who Sirius Black was, he could have blown his cover. As it was, the mere thought that someone who had murdered thirteen people with one curse had escaped from prison was unnerving, to say the least.

Shortly, Harry was the only passenger left.

With yet another bang, they were zooming down Charing Cross Road, before screeching to a halt in front of the Leaky Cauldron. It looked even dingier than usual.

After he had helped Stan get his trunk and Hedwig's cage out of the bus and onto the pavement, he thanked him, and then Stan got back on the bus and they were off like a shot.

“_There_ you are, Harry,” said a voice.

Harry whipped around, only to come face to face with Cornelius Fudge,

the Minister of Magic.

Timeskip! Because we all know what happens next.

Harry was sitting in his room at the Leaky Cauldron, feeling _very_ suspicious. He had gotten off scot-free, the Minister was especially nervous, and other little details of the meeting had just felt _off._

Absently stroking Hedwig, who had been there when he had arrived, he watched the sky change colours.

“It's been a very weird night, Hedwig,” he yawned.

“And without even removing his glasses, he slumped back onto his pillows and fell asleep.”

End
file.